

"Well, I was thinking that John Don Long Beach would be a great thing to use for a bunch of poems."

John arched his back and squinted at me. I'd written a few poems about him before and he hadn't liked them much. This was my reason for telling him about John Don Long Beach.

"Well," I said, "maybe it's a bad idea for poems anyway. Guess I won't use it." It's hard finding topics sometimes.

THE ORIGIN OF THE SPECIES

When I was a kid
we had a dog called Copper
that ran after only Cadillacs
ate tootsie rolls and ice cream sandwiches
and chased the bitches thus ending up
in jail two or three times a year.

Once the dog catcher picked him up
ten miles from home and we bailed
him out and tied him to the peach tree
in the back yard where
he howled all day
until we brought him inside
where he whimpered all night.

My father had lassoed him one day
when Copper was a pup and begging
french fries at a cafe across the street.

It was thirteen years until he died;
a hit & run. Could've killed that guy.

But thinking about Copper's exploits,
he being the Errol Flynn of the dog world,
I wonder if my similar behavior
is due to being an artist
or just a family resemblance.